**Grade 12**

We came into this school without any knowledge of the what these next five years would truly hold for us. There were stories of course, of this illustrious and terrifying place, and now we have our own to tell. It’s strange because it is only now when our time has come to an end do we fear it is over too soon. We can recall something like days that felt like a lifetime, even longer nights, cramming for tests we pushed off until the last minute and homework pile-ups, but it’s all dipped in gold now that we’re finished. Now that it’s all over. After half a decade, we’ve grown into ourselves a little more, found passion in the classroom or onstage or out on the court. We are finally comfortable in the routine we’ve created and the friendships we’ve forged. Or maybe we are anxious to get out of the building that seems to have gotten smaller with each year. At the last bell, we rush into that world of new experience, eager to move forward, to start again. So begins the rest of our lives.

**Grade 8**

For the first time in eight years, everything is different. A few familiar faces here and there but it’s all disorienting, how the world has now remade itself in extra large rather than small. Everything is taller, older, bigger, and we now feel significantly smaller than a mere few months ago. Still, we walk down the halls in wonderment of this new world we have discovered. We allow ourselves to get swept away in opportunity, clubs and sports galore. Excitement threatens to overtake us and we have to remember to breathe every now and then. For the first time in eight years, we are eager to go to school, to find our place without a hand to hold every step of the way. Here we will begin to discover who we are without our history defining us. We sat on top of the world not too long ago. Now we begin to climb again.